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A Lost Chord.

By Adelaide Anne Proctor.

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
That came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

Sketches of French Musical History.

SACRED MUSIC.

VII.

1800—1860.

In 1791 of the 130 dioceses in France, 80 had abandoned the Roman Liturgy; but the church at Alys, Aix, Amli, Arles, Bordeaux, Bourges, Cambrai, Embrun, Narbonne, Tours, Vienne, Strasbourg, Avignon and some others remained faithful. In 1797 came the constitutional schism and the pretended liturgic unity of Gregory. At length after ten years of persecution the churches were opened again. That of the Carmelites, where the pontiffs had received the martyrs' crown, became the rendezvous of the pastors, decimated by the scaffold. At Lyons from 1801 the procession of the Fête-Dieu again passed through the streets, and the Concordat, ratified by Pius VII., was finally promulgated April 18th, 1802 by Cardinal Caprara. At the same period appeared the *Genius of Christianity* by the immortal Chateaubriand, who again placed literature and art upon their true basis.

Napoleon I. was consecrated Emperor in Notre Dame by Pope Pius VII., but the imperial chapel employed the Parisian liturgy, instead of the Roman rites. Later, Louis XVIII. re-established the Roman liturgy in the Royal chapels, and, in 1831, Louis Philippe caused the name of the king to be added to the prayer *Domine Salvum*. Finally, July 1st, 1840, the Roman liturgy was

officially re-established at Langres by Bishop Parisi, which gave one of the earliest impulses to a return to unity.

The Archbishop of Paris revived liturgical science by his admirable pastoral letter upon ecclesiastical studies. We may then believe that soon and throughout our beautiful land, we may again repeat the old axiom, *Legem credendi statuat lex supplicandi*.

In 1811, Choron published a pamphlet upon the necessity of re-establishing the chant of the Roman church in all the churches of France. His school was suppressed after the revolution of 1830. He had meantime produced singers of great merit—Nourrit, Duprez, Wartel, &c., &c. Choron rendered great services to the music of France; besides his *Dictionnaire des Musiciens*, in two volumes, he published in connection with his pupil and friend Adrien de la Fage, an *Encyclopédie complète de la Musique*, both vocal and instrumental.

In December 1853, a new school of sacred music was established at Paris, under the patronage of the Minister of public instruction and church affairs, M. Louis Niedermeyer is the acting director. He was born at Nyons, a small place in the canton of Vaud, of a family originally French and Protestant, but has since claimed and obtained the right of French citizenship. Quitting Switzerland at the age of 16 years, he studied for two years at Vienna, the pianoforte with Moscheles and harmony with Forster. He spent the next two years at Rome and Naples, studying composition with Fioravanti, chapelmaster at St. Peter's and Zingarelli, director of the conservatory at Naples, and at the age of 19 produced an opera entitled *Il Reo per amore*. He settled at Paris at the age of 21 where he has published a large number of melodies, upon texts by Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Casimir Delavigne, Emile Deschamps, Milleveve, Manzoni, &c. His *Lac* obtained a European reputation. In 1827 he produced upon the Italian Theatre a work in two acts *La Casa nel bosco*; then successively at the Grand Opera, *Stradella*, *Marie Stuart* and *La Fronde*. With the valuable assistance of M. Dietsch, the skillful chapelmaster of the Madeleine, and recently appointed chief of the orchestra, at the opera as successor to Girard, deceased and of M. d'Ortigue, author of the great *Dictionnaire Liturgique* published in 1854 by Abbe Migne, there is no doubt that Niedermeyer will produce pupils worthy of his pure and classic taste. Familiar with the music of the great old masters through his participation in the concerts of the Prince of Moskwa, he will be able to give a healthy impulse to contemporary sacred and effectually oppose the fall of the art.

The Abbot of Solesmes, Prosper Gueranger, has also rendered eminent services to the liturgy by his important publication. (*Institutions Liturgiques*, *Année liturgique*, and *Historie de Sainte Cecile*.) But let us return to the history of the chapel music.

The imperial chapel at the Tuileries was solemnly dedicated, Feb. 2, 1806. Lesueur was appointed director; Rey, Master of music, Rigel and Piccini organists and accompanists. Before this Paisiello, director of the chapel of the First Consul, had had a salary of 12,000 francs per annum, with a dwelling and carriage free. He composed 16 complete services, a grand mass for double chorus, a *Te Deum* and prayers for the imperial coronation.

Jan. 1. 1812, an order was sent to Zingarelli, then chapelmaster of St. Peter's at Rome, for him to compose a solemn mass for choir and orchestra for the imperial chapel. For this work, which was composed in 8 days, and was executed Jan. 12th, 500 francs were paid. In 1814 and 1815, great changes occurred in the chapel, Lesueur became joint superintendent of the music to Louis XVIII., with the illustrious Cherubini. Later, Plantade joined these eminent artists in the capacity of master of the music.

March 14, 1820, a *Requiem* by Cherubini was sung at St. Denis, at the funeral services for the Duc de Berry.

May 29, 1825, were executed at the coronation of Charles X. at Reims, a mass by Cherubini, anthems and a *Te Deum* by Lesueur. July 25, 1830 the last mass by the Chapel Royal, was sung at St. Cloud. King Louis Philippe having suppressed the chapel this old institution was not revived until our own day by the present Emperor, Napoleon III., who has given its direction to Auber, the illustrious pupil of Cherubini.

In closing this paper let us rapidly review the main facts in the history of (Roman Catholic) sacred music, as exhibited in the excellent *cours complet de plain-chant* published by M. Adrien de la Fage. He divides *plain-chant* into four sections: 1. Recitation, 2. Psalmody; 3. Plain-chant properly so called, 4. Hymnody. In the remarkable appendix to his works, he makes these four divisions correspond to the four historic epochs of sacred music. His first epoch extends from the Christian era to the time of Constantine, A. D. 300; the second, from Constantine to Gregory the Great, 300—600; the third from Gregory to Guido of Arezzo, 600—1000; the fourth from Guido to the time of figurative music, 1000—1400. La Fage adds to them the epoch of decay—that is from the 15th century to our era. In fact, dramatic music has soared so high in our time, as to far outstrip its mother; but we are of opinion that the latter may yet be renewed and elevated if composers of talent in general would occupy themselves seriously with it and could be properly rewarded for their labors.

The most ancient hymn of christianity is doubtless that sung at the Last Supper by Jesus and his disciples, after the example of their master James and Paul recommended the singing of hymns and spiritual songs. Justin and Origen mention hymns sung by the early Christians; Eusebius, John Chrysostom, and Clement of Alexandria recommended song without instru-

mental accompaniment. At first the psalms of the Jews were used, then the septuagint Bible, then the old Latin version, which is still in use in the Basilica of St. Peter at the Vatican. Hymns in verse date from the third century.

Recitation with a sustained pitch and musical accent, was performed in the synagogue by a principal singer, called the *Khasan*: by the Greeks *Protopsalte*; by the later's *Cantor*.

The canonical *Hours*, or seven daily prayers, and the divisions of the year into determinate periods, were introduced in the second epoch.

"The usages of the East and Greece were introduced into the West by Pope Damasus and through the exertions of St. Ambrose, bishop of Milan, to whom is attributed the music of the *Prefaces*.

There was a regular ceremony of investiture, accompanied with a benediction, when one entered the ranks of the singers; and the candidate was exhorted to sing with his mouth, what he believed in this heart and to prove his faith by his works. (*Vide ut quod ore cantas, corde credas; et quod corde credis operibus comprobas.*)

A singing school was established under Pope Sylvester and St. Hilaire; the *Graduale* an important part of the ritual, the execution of which was given to the most skillful artists, was named from the *Ambon*, the slight elevation or step, where they recited the Gospels, epistles and canons. In 450, in the time of Theodoric, appeared the fine books *de Musica* by the learned Boethius. The school of St. Gregory, directed by a *primicerius*, was continued until 1377, in time of Gregory XI.

Charlemagne introduced the Roman ritual into his chapel in France and the organ gave great vigor to the progress of musical composition.

The first missal dated at Paris saw the light in 1507 and the *Graduel des Chartreux* was printed in the same city in 1578.

Palestrina was charged with the revision of the offices by Gregory XIII.; before his death he had reached the end of the *Graduale*, *De tempore*; after that event his son caused the work to be finished by an unknown musician and sold the whole as the work of his father. The fraud was discovered, the contract was annulled, but unfortunately the original manuscript disappeared.

Guidetti, a pupil of Palestrina, published the *Directoire du Choeur*, the *Office of the Holy Week*, the *Passions* and the *Prefaces*; all of which had been revised and appeared by Palestrina.

In 1614 and 1615 an edition appeared at Rome containing the reformed chant, by order of Paul V., this work was probably directed by Giovannielli, the successor of Palestrina, and chapelmaster at the Vatican. Similar editions appeared at Paris after the year 1636, published by Vitray and Cramoisy.

We refer to the above mentioned work of La Fage for the bibliography of works upon the plain-chant. He gives a learned and detailed list of all the principal works to be consulted upon this subject; we note in it:—

1. Flores Musice omnes Cantus Gregoriani, published at Strasburg in 1458;
2. Antiphonarium et Graduale, Paris, 1649, 1655;
3. The Editiones at Nevers, 1658, 1696 and 1734;
4. Methods of plain-chant by Jumilhac, Poisson, Lebeuf, Gerbert, Abbé Roze, Fétis, Clement, Nisard;

5. Gerbert's Collection in 3 vols. 4to;

6. Antiphonary of St. Gregory, edited by Lambillotte;

7. Ortiue's *Dictionnaire liturgique*.

We add to this list the *Traité d'accompagnement du plain-chant* by our learned friend, Stephen Morelot, and we have all the necessary works.

The revive the ancient liturgic traditions in all their purity, it is desirable to establish in the Holy Chapel at Paris, a model ritual, which may serve as a type for other churches and which would be marvellously suited to the beautiful architecture of the edifice.

A word in closing upon choral singing in France, which it would seem must be improved and extended by the multiplication of the *Orphons*. Choron, Wilhem, Hubert, Gounod, Chéné and other professors less known have developed in the laboring classes a taste for such music which may well be considered a preservative against bad passions.

Here we have precious elements for a glorious future of the art; we have but to learn to direct them and we shall soon obtain grand resources for all the festivals and solemnities both civil and religious.

NOTE.—M. M. Bazin and Padeloup have just succeeded M. Gounod in the direction of the *Orphons*. M. Delaporte devotes himself to this matter with indefatigable activity.

On Rudimental Instruction on the Piano.

BY F. PETERSILEA.

NO. III.

Finger, Wrist, and Elbow Action; Mechanical and Melodious Touch—have been spoken of in the former letter; it has also been stated, that mechanical and melodious touch stand to the pianist in the same relation as pencil and brush to the painter, that the beginner has nothing to do with the latter. Even as nature employs the elements of matter in endless variety and combination without showing classification, so does the artist in his limited sphere; but the beginner needs the most systematical arrangement, division and subdivision, whether he studies Chemistry, Natural history or Music.

To secure a correct mechanical touch, it is of the most importance, that each action (Finger, Wrist, and Elbow), should be separately taught in a suitable course of exercises and studies; that Wrist action must not be employed, until Finger action is thoroughly learned. It is therefore self-evident, that five finger exercises claim our first attention; but before I can move another step, I must speak of Accentuation, the first element of a correct mechanical touch.

In looking at the first little lesson an intelligent pupil may naturally inquire. What is the object of these numbers 2-4, these barlines and measures, as you call them? I will tell you. Music is somewhat like the language you speak and read. Words are arranged in the sentences, phrases and periods, without which arrangement language would be unintelligible; a right application of Accent or Emphasis is also needed, to prevent confusion. When you read a poem, you may notice particularly an accented syllable regularly followed by one or two unaccented ones; this arrangement is called *Rhythm*. It is even so in music. These numbers 2-4 show, that in every measure are two notes—quarter—of which the first is the *good note* (*nota buona*) the second the *bad note* (*nota cattiva*) or call them the accented and unaccented note; if you like it better. But as your lessons will soon become more difficult, and have a greater number and variety of notes in every measure, I will show you a little table, by which you can learn at once a correct accentuation for all future occasions; It is the ingenious work of Gottfried Weber.

A measure or bar contains either two or three beats; in the first case it is *Even time* (common), in the second *Uneven time* (triple).

A. *Even time with even divisions.*



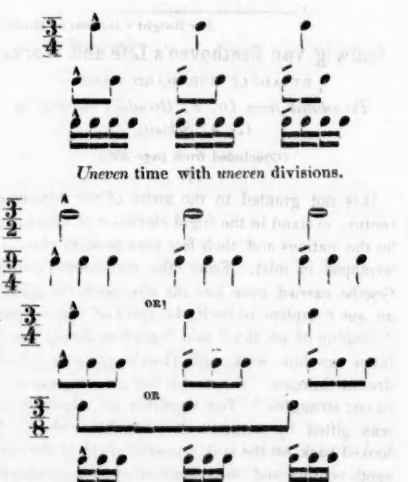
Even time with uneven divisions.



B. *Uneven time with even divisions.*



Or in smaller notes.



The figure *A* indicates the greater, *2* the smaller accent.

In the group *2 2 2 2 2* accents fall on the 1, 3, 5, and 7 note; the fifth is twice as strong as the third and seventh, the first twice as strong as fifth; there is consequently but one heaviest note in every bar. These accented notes are beats to be counted; accustom yourself, while doing so to indicate their relative force by a corresponding tone of voice, don't say: o-o-one, two-o-o, drawing out each word as if you were measuring tape. Speak each word short, brisk; but one with particular energy. Notice further, that it is better to count *one, and two and*, if four beats must be counted, instead of *one, two, three, four*; speak the word *and* in the lightest manner, and drop it, as soon as the counting of two beats only becomes advisable.

I return now to the *Five Finger* exercises or lessons.

It is a strange mistake, to occupy the scholar for the first few months with the useful but uninteresting, unharmonious, unmelodious five-finger exercises of Aloise Schmidt, Hummel, Herz and others of the same description, for they have in the first place no musical interest, attraction, and secondly furnish no opportunity for reading bass notes or playing an independent part with the left hand; but the eye must at the very start be made accustomed to overlook to parts, and to read the lower before the upper, or no future period will ever entirely repair the mischief of merely reading the melody and giving only occasionally attention to the accompaniment.

If the first lessons are to be of any service, they must possess the following qualities:

1. Compass of five keys. 2. All the attraction of Melody and Rhythm, which any good tune ought to have. 3. A suitable bass, by which the left hand is trained equal to, and independent of the right. 4. Last but not least: *The same note must not occur twice or more times in succession*; for the same key cannot be repeated correctly, except by a motion of the second finger-joint (as in the Tremolo) or by wrist-action, neither of which the scholar has learned yet. The unavoidable consequence would be a stiff movement of finger and wrist action combined. The lesson must be so constructed, that the notes can be played in an uninterrupted *legato*, until a correct finger action is thoroughly secured.

The easy little tunes, recreations, and amusements, (not possessing this quality) which are usually intermixed with the dry, repulsive finger exercise like sweetmeats with bitter pills will not only neutralize all the good of the latter, but force even on the best scholar a stiff, entirely unmechanical touch, in spite of all the teacher may say.

(To be continued.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Ludwig van Beethoven's Life and Works.

BY ADOLF BERNHARD MARX.

Translated from Dr. F. Brendel's Review, by G. A. Schmitt.

(Concluded from page 356.)

II.

It is not granted to the artist of the nineteenth century to stand in the frigid elevation of clouds and let the nations and their fate pass beneath him, as if wrapped in mist. From the eighteenth century Goethe carried over into the nineteenth the spirit of an age complete in itself, the spirit of plastic quiet. "Nothing of politics," said Stein* to Arndt,† as the latter saw him walk with Goethe, through a cathedral at Cologne, "the man is too great to take a part in our struggles." Let us rather say, Goethe's soul was gifted by nature with a double vision. He looked back on the still, peaceful world of the eighteenth century and then again an endless perspective full of future generations opened before him. The time of strife he had passed through in his youth. Finished, self-sufficient, he could not but be cold and unsympathising with the ideas of the times. A different case it was with Beethoven. He first came upon the stage in the time of struggle, as a son of the epoch beginning in 1789. He saw the world without in endless strife, all the forces unchained; and just so fate had ordained it for him, to pass within his own heart through one of the hardest struggles that ever fell to the lot of mortals. It is well-known that he was hard of hearing already in the time of the 2d symphony. Afterwards he became deaf. Weak-minded critics, as an excuse, as it were, for his grandest works, pretended that he was crazy too. Others attempt to deduce his "errors" from this deafness. Marx, however, clearly proves—if there be need of proof at this day—that his deafness did not affect

his musical creative genius; that it merely entered the "outer halls" of his art, merely injured his (piano)-playing.

The result of his struggles and this lively sympathy with the world without him, is his third symphony, the *Eroica*. It was first dedicated to Napoleon Beethoven, full of the grand ideas of the republic of Plato, saw in him the hero, who endeavored as a tyrant, as a dictator, in the sense in which the Greeks understood the word, to restore a disjointed commonwealth. To celebrate this hero, Beethoven wrote the symphony, "Bonaparte." When the news reached him that this hero had "soiled himself by a grease-spot," as Heine expresses it, Beethoven changed the title and the work appeared, entitled, "*Sinfonia eroica composta per festeggiare il sovvenire d'un grand'uomo*." It is ascertained, beyond doubt, that "the *Eroica*" was finished before Beethoven received the news of Napoleon having declared himself emperor. This refutes all the nonsense concerning changes which Beethoven was said to have made in the *Eroica* in consequence of the fall of the French republic. Marx took the trouble of thoroughly proving this untrue. His refutation of Oulibicheff is one of the most splendid passages of the book. The Russian holds, like Fétis, the opinion, that the second movement of the *Eroica* was really nothing but the Finale of the symphony in C minor. The difference in key, the absolute absence of all connection between the two movements, then the historical facts, and last of all the C minor symphony itself, as we shall see, are sufficient proofs that this view is superficial and arbitrary.

It is a different thing with Wagner's view. Wagner does not take the historical facts into account. His explanation of the *Eroica* is based on the inner life, on motives simply taken from the nature of man. He sees in the hero the full, the whole man. In accordance with this, Wagner states the artistic contents of the work as the manifold, powerfully mingled emotions of a strong, perfect individuality to which nothing human is alien, but which contains within itself all that is truly humane, and sets them forth in such a way, as to arrive, after most openheartedly showing all the noblest passions, at a most satisfactory perfect statement of its nature, combining most sympathetic tenderness with most energetic strength, &c. (Marx I. 283.) This view is not in opposition with the work. It merely generalizes, as Marx correctly observes, the idea, which prompted Beethoven to write the work. This "music of the idea" was the momentous progress on the path of which Beethoven entered in the *Eroica*. While music until then had only expressed emotions, it now began to represent life, that is to say, complete situations of life, with its own means, according to the idea, to the idealized image, which had formed itself in the artist (Marx I. 281). Music proceeded in the opposite direction with poetry. The latter began with the epos and ended with lyrics; the epic element was introduced into music at the beginning of our century by Beethoven. We have to deny ourselves the pleasure of following Marx in the excellent analysis, which he gives of this instrumental epic. We merely mention, what real pleasure his exposition of the Finale gave us. To us likewise it always appeared like the image of peace, the object of war.

We need not be astonished that the *Eroica* pleased less than a symphony by Eberl, according to a statement in the "*Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung*." The thinking-apparatus of the public is ponderous, and the critic is as a rule but the obliging tribune of this unorganic mass of people, called public. That need not surprise us. Oulibicheff, after all a man of esprit, hears in one place of the first movement, the death-rattle, expressed with that "truth too faithful," which becomes an untruth in the domain of art. Marx (I. 303) reminds him of the man possessed by

an evil spirit in Raphael's Transfiguration, of Lear, Othello, Æschylus, Dante, &c. Useless labor! Why trouble such persons, that find to this day, Lear too awful, Richard III too fearful

(To be continued.)

Ludwig Rellstab.

(Continued from page 373.)

Meanwhile, he transferred his place of residence to Frankfurt-on-the-Oder, in order to be able to undertake, free from interruption, greater works. He here drew up the plot for his tragedy of *Karl der Kühne*, which he afterwards completed at Weimar. He now commenced his travels, continuing them almost every year to his death, for the purpose of obtaining on the one hand, by intercourse with eminent persons or suggestive characters in the social and artistic world, matter for his productions, and, on the other, in order to elevate himself by the charms and magnificence of nature, which he loved like a child.

We accompany him with interest to Dresden, where, during 1821, he passed a pleasant time—associating, as he did, with C. M. von Weber and Ludwig Tieck—and, especially, took a great interest in the celebrated evening readings of Tieck; to Baireuth, where Jean Paul most cordially welcomed him in the bosom of his family, and where in the "Fantasie" and "Eremitage," now so well known through the "Siebenkäs," and more especially in the little hostelry of the wonderful "Frau Rollwenzel," he enjoyed many hours of the most interesting conversation, and conceived the highest respect for the great poet; to Weimar, where he made a lengthened sojourn; where he was a constant visitor of Göthe's daughter-in-law, Ottilie von Göthe, and where on, several evenings, he was present, with Zelter, at the parties in Göthe's house, often deeply moved by the great poet, but, as a general rule, not feeling captivated by his aristocratic and reserved demeanor, particularly when he remembered Jean Paul. We here find him making the acquaintance of Johanna Schopenhauer—the mother of the celebrated philosopher—Hummel, Riemer and Eberwein. We likewise are informed of an interesting evening at Göthe's, when Zelter introduced his pupil, Felix Mendelssohn, then twelve years old, to the prince of poetry, filling the latter with surprise and admiration at the boy's great musical talent.

In Heidelberg, Rellstab formed the acquaintance of Krenzer, and that original, Thibaut, so esteemed for his old Italian Gesangverein, and whose work, on the Purity of Music, created a sensation in its time. Welcker, Moriz Arndt, A. W. von Schlegel, F. Hebel, and Caroline Pichler pass before our gaze, and we possess from Rellstab's pen characteristic sketches, which, with as much penetration as love, exhibit to us the sayings and doings of these various individuals. What captivates us most, however, is Rellstab's intercourse, in 1825, with Beethoven, the sick genius, nearly crushed by his mournful fate. What we glean from this residence of Rellstab in Vienna is not important in an artistic light; he often visited Beethoven, and conversed with him by means of a writing-tablet; but, as far as Rellstab is concerned, the Beethoven conversations are worthy of attention, because the touching tenderness with which the young poet was treated called forth, in his *Reise Mittheilungen*, one of those admirable sketches, where overflowing sensibility and respect for the object described go hand in hand with the most artistic form of style.

If we cast a glance over the career of our friend up to this time, and also recollect the condition of political newspapers at that period, as well as the limited interest possessed by the articles for the general reading public, it cannot be denied that a man of Rellstab's talent, thus cultivated and precisely in its prime, would, if gained over for a journal, invest with preponderating importance any paper for which his services might be secured. In addition to this is the fact, that on returning from his interesting travels in Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, to Berlin, Rellstab found that capital in a state of art-enthusiasm produced by Henrietta Sontag, and which formed a glaring contrast to his travelling impressions. A reflex of his opinions on this head is to be found in the saucily satirical sketch of character, published under the title of *Die schöne Henrietta*, a sketch, in which so delicately clear a light, speaking in a literary sense, was cast upon sundry individuals in Berlin, besides the fair idol of the day, that the author's reputation in the capital was firmly established from that moment. For a *feuilleton* writer the ground was sufficiently prepared; the only thing needed was the seed from which not only the varied pictures of Berlin society, but also the serious truths of scientific and artistic life shut up.

The then editor of the *Vossische Zeitung* was Herr Lessing, a commissary of justice, and descended from

* Prussian minister.

† Professor at Bonn and famous champion of the German cause against Napoleon.

a branch of the family of the celebrated poet and critic of the same name. This gentleman secured the young author's services. On the 31st October, 1826, Rellstab's first criticism appeared in the *Fossische Zeitung*. His talent for communicating art impressions, and conveying in his writings the innermost thoughts of the public, went on increasing year by year, and attained its culminating point in 1847, after which date the political life of Germany, nay, more, of Europe, entered a completely new phase. Pecuniary losses, occasioned by the year of the revolution, and many other dispiriting causes, crippled, in some degree, his mental energy. His opinions and feelings would not accommodate themselves to the new development of political life, and he abandoned a considerable portion of his usual labors. We must, therefore, bear in mind the period we have mentioned if we would properly appreciate the services he rendered to newspaper literature.

With the greatest possible impartiality—for the love of truth shall have as great a share as friendship in our sketch—we will go through Rellstab's musical criticisms belonging to this part of our subject. We are presented with a picture gallery of the artistic individualities who shone, during a period of more than twenty years, in the art-firmament of the educated world. We first read notices of Mad. Sontag, Catalani, Schechner, Sossi, Heinefetter, and Milder. Subsequent years make us acquainted with Hummel, Fräulein von Schätzel, Paganini, and Schröder-Devrient. To these we must add the names of Mendelssohn, Kalkbrenner, Wild, the brothers Müller, and Mad. Schechner-Wagen. After 1835, there appear in the foreground artists better known, and more popular at the present day. Among these we make the acquaintance in their most brilliant impersonations of the more or less important members of the Theatre Royal, who belonged for some time to that establishment. Herren Bader, Mantius, Krause, the ladies Von Fassmann, Louise Schlegel (Mad. Krüster), and Tuzcek, excite our lively interest, while the concert-room, as well as the stage, is from time to time transiently illuminated by stars of the greatest splendor. Clara Novello and Pauline Garcia, the Sisters Milanollo and Jenny Lind, Vieuxtemps, Thalberg, De Bériot, Liszt, and other great artists come under this category. There is no scarcity either of elaborate judgments on eminent art productions, both novel and revivals. We read with lively interest minutely critical notices of Bach's *Passionsmusik*, of *Fidelio*, of Bernhard Klein's *David*, of Löwe's *Sieben Schläfer*, of Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and of other works.

(To be continued.)

Church Music in New York.

Trinity Church Corporation is the richest religious institution in the country, and has under its management one church (Trinity) and three chapels, viz: Trinity Chapel, St. John's and St. Paul's.

Trinity Church stands on Broadway, at the head of Wall street, and is widely known for the beauty and purity of its architecture, and the height of its steeple, which is the tallest on Manhattan Island. It is in the lower, or business part of the city, and its congregation is composed mainly of the floating population—hence it has been designated the Metropolitan Church.

The music of Trinity, which is of the ancient ecclesiastical style, has always been quite celebrated for its excellence, and a large sum of money is appropriated annually to its maintenance. Dr. Hodges, who officiated as organist here for many years, and had many admirers in all parts of the Union, was afflicted with paralysis some two years since, from which he has never fully recovered. He is now residing at West Point, and has been succeeded by Mr. H. S. Cutler; formerly of the Church of the Advent, Boston, who fully sustains for the music of this church the high reputation which it has always borne.

The organ is the largest, as well as the most extensive, ever constructed in this country, with one exception—that built for St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church at Albany, by Simons & Willcox, of Boston. It cost about twelve thousand dollars, and was built in the year 1846, by Henry Erben, of this city, under the supervision and after the designs of Dr. Edward Hodges. It has three manuals, the keys of each giving a distinct foot tone, and contains 44 stops, which is not an unusual number, but each one of these represents a much greater number of pipes than in most organs: there is one thirty-two foot stop in the organ.

The base is a beautiful piece of workmanship of the Gothic order, in harmony with the architecture of the church, 40 feet in height, of solid oak, richly carved, and was designed by Richard Upjohn, Esq., architect of the church.

The music of this church is what is technically termed the choral, or cathedral service, which consists

in introduction by the Priest or Minister on a given monotone, with responses by the choir in full harmony, and it is the only church in this country where it is carried out in its integrity. The choir is composed of boys, sixteen in number, who sing the soprano and alto parts, with six men to balance them in tenor and bass. All are placed in the chancel after the English style, which is said by the highest authority in such matters to be the only proper place. They are robed in white surplices, and ranged on the *Decani* and *Cantoris* sides, facing each other; the chants, psalms, etc., are chanted antiphonally, the full choir coming in with excellent effect on the *Gloria*. In connection with the church a Chorister's School has been established for the education of the choristers, who belong mostly to the middle and wealthy classes. Two hours each day are devoted to their musical instruction, which is directed most efficiently and thoroughly by Mr. Cutler, organist of the church. None are admitted to this school except those who can pass a critical examination, both as regards natural musical capacity and quality of voice. Their ages range from ten to sixteen years. Mr. Cutler has discovered that one of these boys, Walter Fernandez, of Spanish birth, and now about 12 years of age, possesses a soprano voice most remarkable for its upward compass, which extends to C in *alt.*—almost the highest note ever attempted by the most noted female soprano singers. Mr. Cutler's voluntaries are short, and always extemporized.

Trinity Chapel is located on 25th street, near Broadway, and was built in 1855 at a cost, including ground, of \$225,000. It is a remarkably substantial structure in the Gothic style, and measures 180 feet in its extreme length inside. The walls are built of free stone and lined with the French Caen stone. The internal decorations and ornamentations are of the polychromatic style, finished in the highest style of art, and are in perfect keeping with the architecture throughout. It is located in one of the most fashionable quarters of the city, and its congregation is made up of the *Elite* of New York society. The organ, when completed, will be one of the first class, with 44 stops, but at present not more than half that number are in use; it is placed to the left of the chancel, entirely concealed from the view of the congregation. The design and peculiarities of arrangements are those of Doct. Hodges of Trinity Church, and the builders are Messrs. Hall & Lorbach of this city.

The organist, Mr. William H. Walter, is a gentleman of much experience, having served in this parish fifteen years, and played in all of its churches; he is the author, or rather compiler, of a very superior collection of music, and his style of playing shows that he is possessed of a most thorough and cultivated taste. He is fortunately not at all hampered by the caprices of clergy or congregation in his selections, which occupy a position midway between the ancient English, and modern secular *quasi* operatic schools, and embrace within their scope the compositions of such as Purcell, Boyce, Doct. Nares, Clarke Whitfield, Jackson, and Doct. Hodges, together with many of his own; his voluntaries are selected mainly from the *chef d'œuvre* of Mozart and Haydn. The choir is a double quartette, comprising six professional singers and two amateurs; we can safely say that, as a whole, it is second to none in New York; in fact the congregation—being a very appreciative one—would only tolerate the best of music. The sum of \$2500 is appropriated annually for music in this Chapel.

Many of our church choirs contain amateurs who become eminent in the course of time as musicians, and these are great incentives to their joining in this capacity, for, in the absence of *Conservatoires de Musique* in this country, many persons, finding themselves possessed of musical abilities, enter the service of the church, in order to enjoy the facilities here extended for practice; and, at last, the finest voices and most skillful performers, grow into notoriety through this means. Such has been the case with not a few of our public singers.

At St. John's Chapel, in Varick street, there is an organ built by Thomas Robjohn, in 1841, which, though over twenty years old, is a very good one, and celebrated for its diapasons. It is enclosed in a rich black-walnut case, of the Grecian style, very highly ornamented. Mr. George F. Bristow, formerly of St. George's Church, is the organist, and, as his merits are well known, we will not speak of them in detail on the present occasion. The choir is a quartette, made up of the following: soprano, Mrs. Holder, alto, Mme. Stapel; tenor, Mr. J. W. Good; and basso, Mr. Henry Tucker. Their execution of the music displays much beauty and grace.

St. Paul's Chapel, on Broadway, adjoining the Astor House, is one of the most ancient of our city churches, and contains an organ built in England by one England of London, some sixty years ago. It was a good one in its day, but has been very materially altered, and the character of it entirely changed

It is presided over by Mr. Michael Erben, a brother of Henry Erben, the celebrated organ builder, and son of Peter Erben, formerly organist of Old Trinity Church. He is a most able performer, and one thoroughly qualified in every way to direct the music of this church. The choir is a double quartette, and the music is finished and thorough in every particular.—*Evening Transcript*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 23, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha," Piano Solo.

Editorial Correspondence.

NEW SERIES.

NO. VII.

A WEEK IN DRESDEN, CONCLUDED.

BERLIN, Dec. 27, 1860.

Much more might be told of that week; but I must make an end of it, simply recalling of the next day's experiences (Nov. 2), first a morning delightfully spent, with an artist for a guide, and with a musician, full of fresh enthusiasm for all things beautiful, for companion, among the famous paintings. We went first to the atelier of Professor Hübner, who has so admirably catalogued the Dresden gallery, and spent a pleasant half hour in examining his poetic designs for the royal gallery, in which the rise and progress of Art and Civilization are presented in a series of exquisite allegorical frescoes—for he too is one of those industrious geniuses, who,—like Cornelius, like Kaulbach (in the Treppenhäus of the Berlin Museum), Schnorr (in the Niebelungen frescoes at Munich), Schwind (in his legend of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and of the minstrel contest at the Wartburg—the best of them all, to my mind)—keeps perpetually weaving, over all the walls of German palaces, the rainbow web of classic and Teutonic fable, and heroic memories, and moral meanings. With this obliging, informed Virgil for a guide and an interpreter, we ascended into the Paradise of the Royal Gallery. (Pardon the inaccuracy—Virgil, I believe, never got beyond the Inferno;—much that you find in these galleries, however, would justify the use of the latter term; for it is surprising how few of the old painters could resist the fascination of such subjects as the Last Judgment and the agonies of sinners.) And so we saw the Raphael Madonna, and the Correggios, and the Titians, and the Holbein, and the other immortals; saw much in each that we should not have seen with our mere dilettanti laymen's eyes; among the rest a little picture from the earliest period of Da Vinci, of which the authorship was first discovered by internal evidence by the Professor, and afterwards conclusively confirmed by documents. The exposition of the evidence, in the painting itself, was such a lesson in Art as one seldom gets in wandering through famous galleries, who is not himself a painter. Our guide is; so we must let him return to his rainbow weaving; while we, left like two children in a field of flowers, roam about awhile longer, from picture to picture, wherever anything attracts, without aim or method, without haste or rest, until the sense is weary and one sees more with the eyes shut than open. Everybody knows that no occupation fatigues brain and body so soon, as looking about in a picture gallery. The reason

MARTHA.

33

It is provided over by Mr. Michael Bishop, a brother of Henry Bishop, the celebrated organist, and son of Henry Bishop, formerly organist of Old Trinity Church. He is a most able musician, and one that is highly qualified to write for the music of the church. It is a most valuable addition to every pianist's repertoire.

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The musical score for 'MARTHA' is a piano piece in 2/4 time, consisting of 33 measures. It is written for piano and features a variety of musical notations including treble and bass staves, dynamic markings (pp, ff, p, cresc., f), and performance instructions (Ped., cresc.). The piece is in 2/4 time and consists of 33 measures. The notation includes complex chords, arpeggios, and melodic lines. The score is presented in a single system with multiple staves.

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No. 6. FINALE.

Allegro.

f

Ped.

fz

f

fz

Ped.

f

Ped.

p

MARTHA.

35

First system of musical notation, measures 1-4. The music is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The right hand features a melody with eighth-note patterns, and the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *p dolce.* is present in measure 3.

Second system of musical notation, measures 5-8. The melody continues with eighth-note patterns, and the left hand accompaniment remains consistent. An 8-measure rest is indicated above the right hand in measure 8.

Third system of musical notation, measures 9-12. The melody continues, and the left hand accompaniment changes to a more active pattern. A dynamic marking of *f* appears in measure 11.

Fourth system of musical notation, measures 13-16. The melody continues, and the left hand accompaniment remains active. A dynamic marking of *f* is present in measure 14.

Fifth system of musical notation, measures 17-20. The melody continues, and the left hand accompaniment remains active. A dynamic marking of *ff* appears in measure 18.

Sixth system of musical notation, measures 21-24. The tempo changes to *Allegretto*. The right hand features a melody with eighth-note patterns, and the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment. Dynamic markings of *f* and *fp* are present.

Seventh system of musical notation, measures 25-28. The tempo changes to *Scherzoso*. The right hand features a melody with eighth-note patterns, and the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *cresc.* is present in measure 25.

36

MARTHA

The musical score for "MARTHA" is presented in two systems, each with a piano accompaniment and a vocal line. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

System 1:

- First system:** The piano part begins with a series of chords and single notes. The vocal line enters with a melody. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *cresc.* (crescendo).
- Second system:** The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment. The vocal line has a melodic phrase. Dynamics include *p* and *cresc.*

System 2:

- Third system:** The piano part features a more active accompaniment. The vocal line has a melodic phrase. Dynamics include *p* and *cresc.*
- Fourth system:** The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment. The vocal line has a melodic phrase. Dynamics include *p* and *cresc.*
- Fifth system:** The piano part features a more active accompaniment. The vocal line has a melodic phrase. Dynamics include *p* and *cresc.*
- Sixth system:** The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment. The vocal line has a melodic phrase. Dynamics include *p* and *cresc.*
- Seventh system:** The piano part features a more active accompaniment. The vocal line has a melodic phrase. Dynamics include *p* and *cresc.*
- Eighth system:** The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment. The vocal line has a melodic phrase. Dynamics include *p* and *cresc.*
- Ninth system:** The piano part features a more active accompaniment. The vocal line has a melodic phrase. Dynamics include *p* and *cresc.*
- Tenth system:** The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment. The vocal line has a melodic phrase. Dynamics include *p* and *cresc.*

is, because it is neither the one thing nor the other, neither occupation nor release from it, neither study nor amusement, neither work nor rest; but a sort of uncertain, contradictory distracting *limbo* between both states; it has neither the active repose of concentrated and creative thought, nor the passive repose of pure *abandon*, flinging all thought away; a hundred things half occupy you, but none occupies entirely; a hundred lovelinesses seem to fascinate and to seize hold of you, but not one has possession of you. Such is the fatality of "doing" picture galleries; while he who goes to study or to copy, in right earnest, may stay there all the hours of daylight and come away no more fatigued than mother Earth by spinning on her axis. Yet do not suppose that it is not good to look and see all one can. The lesson of all this is, simply, do not try to see more than you can, at once; leave off when the brain grows weary; look as long as looking is a real delight, and not a fancied one painfully pressed upon you by an avaricious sense of duty. In such fresh hours some things, the best things, at any rate the best things for you, will certainly commit themselves to your memory, without much trouble or anxiety on your part. To be sure, there is much to be said for one who is in a hurry, who, like all travellers, finds himself continually in the tantalizing dilemma of splendid opportunities and short time. But we are continually reminded that opportunity is twofold; there is both outward and inward opportunity, or, in the technical phrase of metaphysics, objective and subjective opportunity; and either without the other profiteth a man little. Food is good, but not without appetite, and appetite is fever without food.

Secondly, a play of Shakespeare in a German theatre. One could strain a point, and even go out of time and out of mood, to seize such an opportunity. (How inconsistent we, like most preachers, are!) For have we not often heard it said, that nowhere can one see a play of Shakespeare so well done, so conscientiously and so artistically in all its parts, as in the Royal theatre in Dresden? And that there are few Shakespearean actors in our day superior or equal to Herr Dawson. So we went to see him enact King Richard III. He certainly has many of the qualities of a great actor, though I should not (at least from this experience) think of comparing him to the elder, or even to the younger Booth. He has thoroughly studied and conceived his part, and gives you a consistent individuality. There is subtlety and magnetism in him. You are impressed with power, and of the masculine imaginative sort. But we in America have certainly seen greater. In his utterance he is not free from a certain French nasal tone, which seems to be a common trick of German actors. In Berlin one might take this for a tradition from the times of Frederic the Great. The acting and scenic presentation of the piece, too, as a whole, was good, better than one sees on an American stage—so far as it went. But the expectation of completeness was not met. There were large and most extraordinary omissions and curtailments. Here, to be sure, were no bad actors; several were excellent:—refreshing contrast to our cheap, demoralizing system of trusting to the attraction of one great actor, while all the secondary parts are caricatured. In Germany you see artistic conscience even in a theatre.

There was one thing, however, that could but annoy a lover of Shakespeare, and all the more if he chanced also to be musical. The tent scene of Richard, the vision, was accompanied by fits and starts of miserable melo-dramatic music in the orchestra (Rietz did not conduct that night);—not such music as Beethoven put to "Egmont," or Mendelssohn to the Fairies, but a poor, sulphurous, blue light kind of instrumental *spukerei* by some obscure composer, no doubt manufactured for the occasion, which seemed entirely untrue to the character and dignity of German Art. I must believe it to be exceptional. For an overture, too, was played that by Cherubini to *Elisa*, a thing of an entirely different character from Richard.

Nov. 3. The golden harvest moon episode is over. A cold Novemberish day, colorless and black, for my last in Dresden. But if the morning frown without there is summer within. The violin is willing; preludes and fugues of Bach, toccatas, passacailles, what not, pass off the forenoon very satisfactorily, interspersed with chat with artists.

In the evening Weber's *Preciosa* at the Opera—or rather, somebody's four-act Gipsy drama of *Preciosa*, with dance and music by Weber. This was an experience to give one a new faith in the stage. It was the pure ideal of romance; a thing so free from any taint of coarseness, commonness, flat sentimentality or dullness, that it seemed rather to enact itself immediately in the visionary chambers of the brain, than in an artificial theatre. It was altogether beautiful, in music, scenery and action. The impression it produced was fresh and sweet as spring. Mere light and pretty fancy as the little play is in itself, it becomes so ethereal and transparent in von Weber's music, and somehow music, stage-machinery and actors all conspired so happily to make an exquisite poetic whole of it, that its effect on the mind was far more edifying than that of many things which contain more matter and aim higher. One only wished that there were more of the music; for what there is of it is of the very finest, most imaginative that ever came from Weber's brain. The overture, the song of *Preciosa*, the Gipsy dances and marches, are perfect in their way; and rendered that time by an orchestra and chorus, under Rietz's direction, not to be surpassed. That scene of the Gipsy encampment in the woods by moonlight, with the well known chorus: *Im Walde*, was the most ideal whole of music, scenery and grouping that I ever witnessed. The moonlight was real. The perfection to which the arts of scenery and stage effect are carried in the best theatres in Germany would astonish some of our friends, who rest so happily in the belief that the Boston Theatre and the New York Academy of Music beat the world in these ingenious contrivances. Let them see *Preciosa* as I saw it in Dresden, or *Oberon* as in Munich, or "Midsummer Night's Dream" as in the Berlin Schauspielhaus, or *Lohengrin* as in the Berlin Royal Opera house, and they will think Boston and New York a century behind the age in these things. The way that one scene melts into another sometimes is magical; more like "dissolving views" than like any mechanical result of wheels and arms and pulleys. The part of the Gipsy maiden, *Preciosa*,—of course a stolen child of noble parentage—who exercises a supreme sway among the swarthy lawless tribe

through the pure spell of her beauty and her goodness, and who like a clear star therefore radiates a steady, holy lustre through the clouds and wild woods of the story, found a quite poetic presentation in the person, voice and action of Fräulein Ulrich. Dawson, as the Gypsy chief, seemed perfectly at home. It was a delightful thing to see and hear for once; and I should fear to see it a second time, lest the complete charm could not be repeated. The music, every bit of it, was choice and healthy. Having to leave Dresden very early in the morning, one could not carry away a more charming last impression of it. And that journey was to take me to the *Weihnachts Cantata*, or "Christmas Oratorio" of Bach the next afternoon, in Leipzig! D.

FLORENCE, JAN. 17, 1861. — A crowded audience—among whom was a large deputation of Americans—assembled at the Pergola last night to witness the first performance of Anna Bolena; it being also the occasion of Miss CHAPMAN's debut in opera. It was a judicious act on the part of this young lady not to assume the task of carrying the opera through upon her own merits; a mistake into which most novices, both upon the Dramatic and the Lyric stage are apt to fall; wisely enough the part of the heroine was sustained by Mlle. Masson, of Parisian fame, while our young countrywomen was cast in the less assuming, but somewhat arduous part of Lady Jane Seymour. It was surely no small thing for a young American girl to appear for the first time before an audience which has the reputation of being the most critical and the least merciful in Europe. Miss Chapman must have summoned to her aid her whole stock of self control to avoid being utterly overwhelmed with that most deplorable of catastrophes, a stage fright. She succeeded, however, in preserving a perfectly calm, dignified and yet thoroughly modest demeanor throughout the evening, which, together with her really imposing presence and an unusual share of beauty, seemed to impress the Florentine public favorably; upon whom personal attractions are never thrown away.

Miss Chapman's first cavatina, which has in itself not much to recommend it, and which neither displays the singer's voice nor execution, was well delivered, and met with a complimentary reception. Her voice is a little too much for her yet and she does not quite get it under her control when she first begins to sing. It sounds a little bit hard as if needed oiling; but this oiling or mellowing comes as she goes on, and after the first two or three phrases it came out rich, full and pure, showing her hearers that this first requisite of a singer she possesses in an eminent degree, and of a rare and fine quality.

An unfortunate part of the performance for singers, audience, and certainly for the poor man himself was the terrible fiasco which the basso made in Henry the Eighth, from the moment he sang the first note, and which he increased and completed with every note he sang. As most of his part was sung with Miss Chapman it is wonderful that she was not involved in his ruin; but she had been instructed to go straight through with her part, and trust the keen ears of her audience to detect the culprit in the duo and trio both of which were utterly ruined by the false notes of the incompetent basso. His name is of no consequence and the sooner a kind oblivion covers it the better. "Non ragionam di lui ma guarda e passa," at the close of the first scena between Lady Jane and the King there was a good deal of hearty applause and the king appeared leading the favorite by the hand. They bowed and retired, but this would not do; the applause continued louder than before. Again they appeared, and this time the applause was mingled with hisses and groans. The two retired once more, and then there were loud cries

of *Sola! Sola!* and the young debutante came out alone amid most hearty cheers and vivas, testifying that these severe critics were as anxious to encourage her for doing well, as these were determined to mortify and disgrace the other for doing badly.

The long scene in the second act between the Queen and Lady Jane was the gem of the evening and one of the bright spots in a dragging and uninteresting opera, despite a great deal of lovely music that is in it.

"I may congratulate our young countrywoman upon having made a most favorable impression upon a public, willing to express approval if pleased, but who are most cold blooded, — not to say brutal — in their condemnation of mediocrity. Here there is no such thing as 'damning with faint praise, as with our good natured audiences; but a smart shower of hisses, and even sometimes loud shouts of "*Bestia*" and "*Animale*" are the sure punishment of perhaps, such a trifle as a false note.

Miss Chapman, of course, is yet ignorant of *stage business*; that can be obtained only by practice and familiarity. Her best friends must desire to see her continue as at present in parts of second importance, till she has accomplished all that well-directed industry has in store for her.

At present the voice of Miss Chapman is a pure soprano, remarkably fine in the upper notes, but most pleasing in the middle register. It has a clear penetrating quality which will render it effective in the largest theatres. It has not much of the warmth or sympathetic quality of the best voices that I have heard. Neither is it a willing voice like Alboni's; but yet it is a voice that will make her fortune anywhere after it is thoroughly broken in. To the zeal as well as skill of her accomplished teacher, Signor Luigi Vannuccini belongs a great deal of praise for the excellent method he has observed in his course of instruction, as well as for the thorough manner in which he prepared Miss Chapman to go before so critical a public in this past.

In conclusion let me say that all of Miss Chapman's defects are memorable blemishes on a field of fair promise; her future is in her own hands. She has every thing to *hope* for, if she will let *hope* be the word and back it with effort. J. L.

The Bards.

The Orpheus Club attracted a great audience on last Saturday evening that quite filled the Boston Museum, to hear the operatic travesty, "the Bards." We can give no better notion of the plot than by copying the abstract which was distributed to the audience. The performance was in *German*, but no one who did not understand the language could fail to understand the main points, so admirably was it acted.

"The Bards" are a set of Drinking Druids, who, while vowed to abstinence from spirits, exhibit in their persons and manner a frequent departure from their vows. The opera opens with a chorus in which they relate their laws and duties. One Bard accuses Stiefel of having drunk beer, and his instant punishment is demanded. He is accordingly led away to await his doom. The Chief being left alone indulges in a private eulogium upon his favorite beverage, gin. While thus employed, the Grand Priest enters and detects him in the forbidden enjoyment. But instead of being angry, he is induced to pay his own respects to the bottle and they conclude with a mock heroic duet. Freia and Piefke then enter. She was once a servant maid named Julia in a Berlin tavern, where she was met and won by Piefke, a cockney tailor. He leaves her, and after being turned away, she strays among the Bards and becomes one of them. There she attracts the notice of the High Priest who makes love to her, but unsuccessfully. Piefke finds her out, and while she is telling her story, they are discovered by the jealous Priest. They beg his forgiveness with burlesque pathos and fire; but, on learning that they are married and have a son, he calls in the Bards, denounces them, and they are led away to prepare for death.

The Second Act opens with Piefke bemoaning his fate alone. The Chief enters and informs Piefke that he is his uncle, and was once a cobbler. He promises Piefke, that if he will aid him in exposing the Grand Priest, who has also broken his vow, and whose place the Chief is desirous of obtaining, his own life and that of Freia may be saved. The Bards then enter leading Freia, and Piefke is struck with terror. But, gaining courage, he accuses the Grand Priest of having broken his vow. The latter is searched and a gin-bottle is found in his pocket. The Grand Priest, in his turn, accuses the Chief, and both are led away to execution. Piefke then implores Freia to fly with him to Berlin; but she upbraids him

with cowardice. While thus debating, the Bards without proclaim Piefke their Chief. At first he refuses to accept, but Freia says, that if he does not, she will kill herself and Fritzen, their son; he finally consents. Fritzen, a tall, blonde, gawky youth, is brought forward. The old men are pardoned, and the opera ends with a grand hurrah over the new Chief.

Of course, the whole thing is a broad burlesque, the music as much so as the words, although such burlesque music as only a real artist could write. The trills, roudades, cadenzas, were of the ultra Italian operatic style, while the dramatic situations, poses and points, reminded you of all the operas you had ever heard up to this time.

The music we should have stated is by Julius Freudenthal, director at the Court of the Duke of Brunswick.

The whole force of the "Orpheus" made up such a male chorus, as no opera company ever vouchsafed us, of musical voices, and perfect training it is superfluous to say. In the costume, of the priests in Norma, their action was spirited and funny, most refreshing to behold, after the conventional gestures and movements of the opera choruses, to which we have been so long accustomed.

The principal solo parts were taken by Messrs. Langerfeldt, Schraubstädtler and Jansen, and very admirably were they given. Beside being as our readers very well know, perfectly at home in the music, with voices of the best, they were perfectly at home in all the stage business, as few amateurs are whom we have ever seen upon the boards. The first named gentleman as Freia, the priestess (dressed à la Norma) was imitable; his gentle movements and feminine graces would have put to shame some Normas of the stage, and only the tall stature and flowing manly beard betrayed the sex. If there were a fault it would be that the Freia, half servant girl half priestess, was made too lady like. A funny contrast was the lover Piefke (Mr. W. Schraubstädtler) in blue swallow tailed coat, white hat and all the airs of the Berlin tailor so ludicrously in contrast with the priestly robes of the others. The grand duo of the chief priests, after the manner of the Puritani duet, was rapturously applauded and repeated, the aged priests waving little star spangled banners (of thirty-four stars, we trust) after the fashion of Bndiali & Co. Nor should we forget the blonde four old Fritzen, whose infantile tricks added much to the effect of the denouement.

The piano accompaniments were finely given by Mr. Leonhard, the orchestra parts not having arrived. A crowded house would attend to witness a repetition of the Bards.

Vivat hoch! Long live the Bards! — at least such jolly bards as our old friends of the Orpheus represented. Little music we have had in these troublous times, whilst listening for the first gun from Fort Sumter; little music of a grand, or even grandiose style; all the more welcome, therefore, this delightful mess of nonsense, this musical farce, fit to be done on Twelfth Night, before the Abbot of Unreason, with Don Quixote on one side of his chair and Bombastes Furioso on the other.

The libretto has been spiritedly rendered by our townsman, Mr. C. J. Sprague, but no translation can give a full idea of the mock-heroic doggerel, the homastic commonplaces, the verbal infelicities of the original. The music, though intended as a burlesque upon the Italian school is, for the most part, really excellent, with flowing melodies, strongly marked rhythm, and finely wrought cadences; and much of the fun of the opera depends upon the linking together of the absurd nonsense or prosaic sentiments with music of a stirring character. Throughout the first act we have a travesty of the style of Bellini and Verdi; in the second act the composer has paid his compliments to Meyerbeer with laughable effect. Unfortunately the orchestral parts could not be obtained in season, and the performance was accompa-

nied only by a grand piano; but it was easy to see that the tricks of the operatic composers are most cleverly taken off here, as well as in the vocal score.

The Bards are dressed in imitation of the Druids in "Norma," and many of the situations are suggested by that opera. They are bound to abstinence from alcoholic drinks and yet are obliged each to carry a bottle; from which, of course, they drink in secret, and as was said of Old Simon the Cellarer;

— "ho! ho! ho! his nose doth show
How oft the black jack to his lips doth go."

Piefke, a tailor turned poet, is the hero, most artistically represented by Mr. Wilhelm Schraubstädtler, the well known tenor and teacher of music. In Germany a tailor is known by the slang name of *buck*; so that when in a duet with his mistress the syllable *ma* is repeated in the tone of a blenting kid, the allusion brings roars of laughter from those familiar with the language. The goddess of his idolatry, *Freia*, (the name of a Scandinavian divinity) was formerly a bar-maid, and had been secretly wedded to the aspiring tailor. Being surprised in their interview by the Chief of the Druids, they are condemned to death; notwithstanding which they fall on their knees and beg for his blessing. "Nein," he sternly answers. "Your blessing!" they cry. "Nein!" "Just a little blessing!" "Nein!" "The least bit of a blessing!" "Nein!" "Then let it alone; we'll do without it." Piefke is the personification of a coward and his tremors are as amusing as the fright of Bob Acres; but in the end, for no reason whatever, he is made chief, after stipulating that he shall have a thousand dollars salary; and the first act of his reign is to allow an unlimited drinking of schnapps.

Freia we had supposed would be either a tame failure, or a broad bit of impropriety; but nothing could be better than Mr. Langerfeldt's performance of this part. His costume was so absurdly like Norma's, and the feminine walk, air, management of long skirts, and mode of holding a handkerchief were delightfully hit off. Indeed, we should have supposed that this gentleman, as well as Mr. Schraubstädtler, had been old stagers, familiar with the boards, and instructed in all the by-play that fills out the ensemble of the scene.

The chief, a solemn personage, was Mr. Jansen, a basso of considerable power and sterling merit. *Orobustes* (quasi *Oroveso*) was represented by Mr. Carl Schraubstädtler with admirable spirit. At one point he and the Chief sing a very heroic duet, and being recalled they rush down to the footlights, as we have seen our Italian baritones in *I Puritani*, bearing little flags, and roaring out the refrain with ridiculous emphasis and over-gesticulation.

Some of the changes are very sudden and mirth-provoking. Thus in a chorus *Schlachtet ihn—Kill him &c.*, conceived in a truly tragic vein, the music shifts imperceptibly into a polka movement, and all the rage ends in froth. And in the last act when *Freia* sings a ballad (of which Meyerbeer himself might have written the music) and the chorus join in a lugubrious strain, leaning on each others shoulders, the ternary rhythm becomes at once a waltz, and all go spinning round like tops.

Perhaps the finest portion of the music is in a martial quartette near the close, a magnificent four-part song; but this, as usual, is set to the most nonsensical words.

Fritzen should not be forgotten. Although supposed to be four years old, he comes on the stage a man in size but wearing nankin jacket and trousers, and greatly addicted to molasses candy.

Throughout there is a mixture of languages, German, French and Italian; the hackneyed phrases of the opera appearing in every burst of passion; e. g. *O crudel Piefke mio. O Piefke mai*, and the like.

The choruses were admirably sung; full, sonorous, well balanced and vigorous. It would be a treat to

hear a serious opera with half as good a chorus. We must give our thanks to Mr. Kreissman and his associates for a series of hearty laughs, a pleasure not often enjoyed in these serious days. And so *Vient hoch!*

We understand that the performance will be repeated within three weeks.

CONCERT BY MR. J. EICHBERG.—Mr. Julius Eichberg is going to give a concert at the hall of Messrs. Chickering a week from this day (2d of March). As the former concerts of this artist presented music to please the most fastidious, so this promises to be one of rare excellence. Mr. E. is going to play among other things a Sonata with piano by Bach, the piano part being taken by Mr. O. Dresel; the Chaconne by Bach and a Violin Concerto by himself. The Orpheus Quartette Club will sing three songs, Mrs. Kempton two and the Mendelssohn Quintette Club will play Mozart's Quintette in C. This programme together with the excellence of the performers ought to attract a full house. The Sonata by Bach alone would be worth going for, being played by two artists like Messrs. Dresel and Eichberg.

Concert at the New Catholic Church.

A new Catholic church has been erected on Harrison Avenue in this city, called the Church of the Immaculate Conception. It is a very large edifice of white granite, in the renaissance style; and whatever may be its faults to critical eyes, it has by far the most imposing interior of any place of worship in our city. It was opened to the public for the first time last Sunday evening for a sacred concert given under the direction of Mr. J. H. Wilcox the accomplished organist of the church. The choir consisted of twenty persons, among the most cultivated of our singers. The programme embraced some of the well known masterpieces of church music; the *Benedictus* from Mozart's Requiem Mass, the *Kyrie*, from his Mass No. 7, Hummel's *Alma Virgo*, a magnificent *Ave Maria* by Donizetti, and Handel's *I know that my Redeemer lieth*. The music was admirably performed and its effects were greatly heightened by the grand acoustic properties of the building.

It might be invidious to speak of individual excellences, but we must mention Mrs. Harwood's splendid success in the great air from the "Messiah," Mrs. Fowle's fine performance of Hummel's great solo, and Mrs. Kempton's feeling and graceful singing of Franz's *Ave Maria*. Mr. Powers, whose sonorous voice and finished style are well known, was unfortunately under a cloud, being quite ill and hoarse, and therefore unable to do justice to *Pro peccatis*.

As a whole the concert was truly delightful and was enjoyed by the audience, we are sure, more than any similar performance for a long time. The vast church was densely thronged, every seat being taken, and the ample aisles, as well as the enclosure of the altar and the singer's gallery being completely filled. Indeed, some people, who ought to have known better, appropriated the seats of the choir, so that not only the gentlemen but the ladies, fatigued with the day's duties in church, were forced to stand during the whole evening.

The concert will be repeated to-morrow evening, and we have no need to bespeak a full house as it is sure to be crowded.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The novel attraction of the Bards, drew us away from the Mendelssohn Concert on Saturday evening, but we learn that the concert was well attended; and the programme is worth putting on record.

1. Introduction to the Bohemian Girl. Balfe
2. Adagio, from Quintette No. 6, op. 100. Reicha
For Flute, Oboe, Clarinette, Horn and Bassoon. (First time.)
3. "Souvenir de Haydn." Solo for violin. Leonard
William Schultze.

4. Aria, "Possenti numi,"—Magic Flute. Mozart

Mr. J. W. Emerson.

5. Nonette, in D minor, op. 77. (First time.) G. Onslow
For Violin, Viola, Cello, Bass, Flute, Oboe, Clarinette,
Horn and Bassoon.

6. Allegro—Scherzo—Tema con variazioni—Finale, Introduction and Allegretto.

6. "Souvenir de Spa,"—Fantaisie for Violoncello. Servais
Wulf Fries.

7. Finale. 2d act of "Robert le Diable." Meyerbeer
Arranged by T. Ryan.

At their concert this evening the Nonette of Onslow is to be repeated.

THE ORCHESTRAL UNION.—All will be glad to see announced in another column, a series of afternoon concerts at the Music Hall, to commence on Wednesday next, Feb. 27th.

The mere announcement of orchestral music should be enough to fill the hall to overflowing, after so long a fast from everything of the sort in this city.

Their programme embraces the Fifth Symphony, the Tannhäuser Overture and many other good things.

THE DIARIST IN ENGLAND.—The Athenæum gives the following notice of our "Diarist," Alexander W. Thayer, Esq., from which we learn that he is in England. The columns of this Journal ever since its first number, bear witness to the industry and zeal with which he has pursued his labors and we hope that the suggestion of Mr. Chorley will meet with a cordial response from those who can aid him in the prosecution of his researches.

Mr. Thayer, the American gentleman who has been for some years collecting materials for a life of Beethoven in all parts of the Continent, is now in England, with a view of making researches here. His gatherings, we believe, have been extensive, and made with a scrupulous desire for accuracy. It would be only courteous in any real admirer of music and of Beethoven, belonging to this country, who may have contributions in store, to afford this gentleman the opportunity of examining them. We shall be happy, in default of better means, to be the medium of communication with him.

MISS HENSLEY.—At a concert recently given at the royal palace, Lisbon, Gazzaniga, Miss Hensley and the father of the young King of Portugal took part. Gazzaniga, says *L'Eco d'Italia*, after the concert was presented by the King with a diamond brooch. This *prima donna* is not the only musical character of that name. There was a Signor Gazzaniga (born at Cremona in 1743, and died in 1817), who was a voluminous composer, and who wrote an opera on the old plot of "Don Giovanni."

CLASSICAL MUSIC.—In a notice of Mr. Carl Gartner's concert in the *Phil. Bulletin*, we find the following:

There are many who fancy that because music is Classical, it is too dark and hidden to be understood by ordinary hearers. All we would ask of such, is, have you an intelligent, educated mind? Then go and listen, not once, but two or three times, and we think you will decide there is some interest for you in the highest field of musical art. We look at and enjoy the finest paintings and statuary, not because we understand how the artist selected and arranged his palette; how he directed his lights and shades; how he shaped and rounded the bust so full of life's breath; how he moulded the head, telling of the strong intellect; but because his mind speaks to ours through the great work his Maker has given him the talent to create. And so it is with the musical art. We feel a great spirit is speaking to us in his language which appeals to our sense of hearing, just as the other spoke to us in his language through the sense of seeing.

We scarcely hope these matinees will become popular. A purely intellectual entertainment, perhaps, never can be so. But we trust they will be patronized by those who feel life has higher aims than the rapid making and frivolous spending of money, and who believe an hour so spent must be more profitable to themselves and children, than in the idle walking of our fashionable thoroughfares, or the reading of much of the literature of our present times, the enervating effects of which we must daily lament.

SILENCE IN NATURE.—It is a remarkable and very instructive fact that many of the most important operations of nature are carried on in unbroken silence. There is no rushing sound when the broad tide of sunlight breaks on a dark world and floods it with light, as one bright wave over another falls from the fountain, millions of millions of miles away. There is no creaking of axles or groaning of cumbersome machinery as the solid earth wheels on its way, and every planet and system performs its revolutions. The great trees bring forth their boughs and shadow the earth beneath them—the plants cover themselves with buds, and the buds burst into flowers: but the whole transaction is unheard. The change from snow and winter winds to blossoms and fruits and the sunshine of summer is seen in its slow development, but there is scarcely a sound to tell of the mighty transformation. The solemn chant of the ocean, as it raises its unchanged and its unceasing voices, the roar of the hurricane, and the mighty river, and the thunder of the black browed storm: all this is the music of nature—a great and swelling anthem of praise, breaking in on the universal calm. There is a lesson for us here. The mightiest worker in the Universe is the unobtrusive.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, FEB. 12, 1860.—Last night Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera* was produced according to the announcements. The house was crowded, and the illuminations used at the Prince of Wales Ball were again brought into service and with admirable effect. It was, indeed, a brilliant sight, the ladies were superbly dressed in the full opera costume, which of late had been abandoned. There was one lady in a left hand proscenium box, who attracted great attention from her resemblance to the Empress Eugenie. She was tall and slender, had a queenly bearing, an arching neck and wore her hair brushed back, while her head was adorned with a magnificent gold crown—head-dress it could not be called—on which were clusters and flowers of emeralds and rubies, spangled with dew-drops of diamonds. An elderly lady in the same box, dressed in deep black, and wearing a white cap served as a contrast to the gorgeoussness of the Crowned Lady. The entire party were strangers, and during the intermissions between the acts attracted the attention of thousands of curious admirers.

There was also that delightful rustle of satisfaction about the house which a full and well-dressed audience always induces. Everybody saw acquaintances on the opposite side of the house, and the bobbing and nodding gave quite an animated appearance to the scene. The artists of the opera were themselves amazed at the superb *coup d'œil*, and afterwards declared that never, even in Europe, had they beheld such a magnificent sight as that which met their eyes from before the footlights.

But what about the opera. A good deal about it. I suppose you will clip from the New York papers a description of it. I enclose the critique of the *Times* of this city which I fully endorse and you can use it if you please, and save yours to command, a vast amount of trouble. You can print it or not as you please. (Next week, Signor Trovator.)

I wish I were a person of huge importance, for then my opinion would be worth having, and I would write to Mr. Verdi a letter something like this:

Dear Sir: I believe I am acquainted with all your best operas, and I don't think that, all things considered, you have produced anything yet superior to your *Lombardi* and *Ernani*. Your *Ballo in Maschera* exhibits a great deal more scientific research than either, and is the most dramatically consistent of all your operas, notwithstanding its ridiculous plot. The finale of the second act is the most effective thing of the kind you have ever written, and I say this with a full recollection of the Miserere scene, of the quartet in Rigoletto, and of the finale to the second act of the *Vespers*. You have done for opera writing something akin to what Thalberg did for pianoforte composition. He, taking a melody, added to it an accompaniment, thus enabling one performer to play simultaneously the two parts—something scarcely ever thought of before. You have managed to delineate simultaneously on the stage, by the most appropriate and characteristic music the most diverse passions, so that, unlike other Italian composers of concerted pieces, the strain which serves for one

character will not serve for another, but sung together they produce the most admirable harmony, like the different colors in a great painting. A celebrated composer wrote a waltz in two parts, either of which played separately was a perfect waltz in itself, is much boasted of by his admirers; but you, Mr. Verdi, have carried this art to perfection, and his waltz is a mere toy that one can pull into grotesque shapes by a string, while your great concerted pieces are like earnest, living humanity.

Why then when you can do things so well, do you stick in the *Ballo* those soft commonplace airs, as I suppose they must be called, which have no melody but which are mere sequences of notes without anything to recommend them? You know you can write real melodies, and if you had thrown some more of them into your latest opera, it would have been better for its popularity.

Come over to America. You would be received with delight by all excepting a few American Dutchmen. By these I mean a class of Americans who have embraced more Teutonic ideas about music than the Teutons themselves and who view Italy as a musical Nazareth, whence no good can come. Fortunately these people though they talk a great deal are quite harmless.

You are the greatest living composer, excepting, perhaps, Meyerbeer and Rossini, and just now are more popular than either of these two; the Americans like your bold, vigorous style, and it would be a great card for you to write an opera for an American house, and to come over and get it up yourself with Muzio. I don't suppose people would go wild about you as a general thing or get up noisy ovations; but you would receive a welcome from the great body of our music lovers such as no other living man could as spontaneously call forth; and Verdi, with all his European popularity, might consider such an ovation from the New World as the most royal and gratifying he has ever received.

So, Mr. Verdi, I close with thanks for the great enjoyment your music has afforded to many of my countrymen and countrywomen; and gratitude that I did not live and die before the composer of the *Ballo in Maschera* is one of the strongest emotions experienced by

TROVATORE.

CHICAGO, FEB. 14, 1861.—The fourth Philharmonic Concert, last Saturday evening, Feb. 9th, was another decided success for the managers of these excellent entertainments. Nothing else of the kind has ever gathered so much of the culture, the refinement, the wealth and fashion of the city as these occasions. FARRI seems to be greatly pleased with the cheerful patronage and warm appreciation extended to her in our city, and she continues to draw long after the novelty of a first impression is worn off. The more the public hears, the more it wants to. Her resources are inexhaustible. On the stage, she is ever amiable, complaisant and self-possessed, while she never disappoints the expectant public by negligent attire, or careless and indifferent singing. This, superadded to her matchless powers, is one great secret of her popularity here. She tries to please and always does please.

1. Sixth Symphony—Pastoral—, Op. 68, in F major. Beethoven.
2. Aria, from "Belshazzar".....Donizetti.
Mr. C. R. Adams.
3. Grand Scene and Aria from "Nabucco".....Verdi.
Madame Fabril.
4. Piano Solo.....Mulder.
Mr. Richard Mulder.
5. The brightest eyes. (By request).....Stigall.
Mr. C. R. Adams.
6. Das Schwabenmadel.....Proch.
Madame Fabril.
7. Carnival de Rome, Burlesque, arranged by.....Balatka.

The performance of the Symphony was most creditable to Mr. Balatka and to the orchestra, and its effect upon a large and appreciative audience, which,

for nearly an hour, gave unremitting attention, was a reward indeed. Mr. ADAMS, of Boston, kindly assisted at the concert. He has a sweet tenor voice and a very correct intonation. In the Aria from *Belshazzar* the large orchestra was almost too heavy for his powers. His style suits the oratorio and simple song. In the latter he gave us the "Brightest Eyes" most admirably.

New Publications.

OLIVER COLLECTION OF HYMN AND PSALM TUNES, SENTENCES AND CHANTS. A National Lyre for use in the Church, Family or Singing School. By Henry K. Oliver. Boston: Oliver Ditson.

No book of sacred music (by which in this connection, we mean psalm tunes), has more commended itself by its intrinsic excellence than the "National Lyre," edited some years ago, by the compiler of the work under notice, in connection with Messrs. Tuckerman and Bancroft. Especially to quartette choirs has it proved a most acceptable and useful book, by the care with which the music has been arranged for the use of such choirs by the pleasing character given to the individual parts and its agreeable harmonies, quite remote from the commonplace see-saw of most books of this character.

"Oliver's Collection" has the same characteristics as the National Lyre and we see that many of the best tunes of the latter collection are transplanted bodily into the new one. A longer experience has suggested to the editor, (who is an amateur well known in the community as the late Mayor of the City of Lawrence, and former head of one of the great manufacturing corporations there) a large number of tunes which he has added; some of them quite new to this generation, although by the best English composers of this kind of music. Of the contributions of the editor himself, we need only say that the beautiful and familiar tune *Federal Street*, is one of his compositions, to prove that they are not the lowest in the order of merit in the book. The original tunes contributed by Dr. J. F. Tuckerman (also an amateur) are likewise worthy of note, as among the most pleasing and useful in the collection. The usual elementary instructions commonly prefixed to such collections are omitted so that the whole book is devoted to music, embracing beside, the tunes, anthems, motettes, chants, &c. We know that some are a little disposed to sneer at a new book of psalm tunes, and would look upon the space and time as wasted that is devoted to noticing such a collection. But this book is not one manufactured to sell, but is the result of a long and loving service in the music of the church, and a selection guided by such an experience of what is best adapted to the ordinary service of our Protestant churches in this country, is likely to commend itself at once to our church choirs.

DINORAH.—LE PARDON DE PLOERMEZ. Our publishers have added this new and to us unknown work of Meyerbeer's to their series of operas. We observe by an exchange that it was to be performed in New Orleans Feb. 4th, and in the course of time we shall doubtless hear it in Boston. Meanwhile it will be pleasant for our opera loving readers to become familiar with its melodies and prepared to listen to its performance with intelligence. This edition is printed from English plates, uniform with the vocal score of Don Giovanni, published some time ago. The type is clear, both of the music and the words which are given in English and Italian, (the translation by H. F. Chorley, Esq.)

MARTHA.—The piano solo arrangement of Flotow's Martha, now in course of publication in these pages, has just been issued complete by the publishers. No opera perhaps is better adapted for transcription for the piano than the bright and sparkling Martha, and it will be a pleasure to many to revive by this outline the pleasant memories of the admirable performances of this charming opera which we have heard in Boston.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, for January, (Republished by L. Scott & Co., New York, received from Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co. Contents: Ancient Ballads; Alcohol; What becomes of it in the Living body; Canada; Bible Infallibility; "Evangelical Defenders of the Faith;" The Neapolitan and Roman Questions; American Slavery; the Impending Crisis; Cavour and Garibaldi; Dante and his English Translators; Contemporary Literature.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, for January. Contents: Canada and the Northwest; The Welsh and their Literature; The United Netherlands; The Iron Manufacture; Italy; The dogs of History and Romance; The Income Tax and its Rivals; Essays and Reviews.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW for January (L. Scott & Co's edition) has been received by Nichols, Lee & Co. Contents: Church Expansion and Liturgical Revision, Japan and the Japanese, The Victoria Bridge, Political Ballads of England and Scotland, Ocean Telegraphy, Autobiography of Dr. A. Carlyle, Motley's History of the United Netherlands, Forbes and Ryndall on the Alps and their Glaciers, The Kingdom of Italy, and Naval Organization.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

From my childhood. Duet.

From "*Bianco, the Bravo's Bride*." 25

Another favorite number in the string of gems from this opera which has just been published.

Child of my heart. Song. C. E. Kimball. 25

A very attractive parlor song of medium difficulty.

New England left out in the cold.

C. E. Kimball. 25

Received with great applause at the concerts of the author in the Eastern States.

Allie May. Song and Chorus. G. A. Cargill. 25

A new minstrel song with a taking air, easy to sing.

Yes, I dreamt I was Queen of Air. S. Glover. 25

One of those pretty lively airs in strongly marked rhythm, of which Glover's facile pen has furnished so many, most of which please young singers immensely.

Instrumental Music.

Fra Diavolo. Ferd. Beyer. 50

From the *Boquet of Melodies* set, containing the familiar gems of the Opera, of medium difficulty.

Reward of love. T. Oesten. 35

A new number of the "Bygone hours," a collection of highly interesting piano-pieces in the style of the "Sounds of Love" and not less beautiful than these.

Ecume de perles. (Champagne.) Grand Etude de Concert. C. Voss. 75

A sparkling "Brindisi" which well deserves the fine sounding name the author has chosen for it. It is not more difficult than Voss' popular operatic arrangements. Taken altogether it is perhaps the most pleasing piece of this class which has been issued for many a day.

Governor Grey's Schottisch. Maria J. Jones. 50

A pleasing Schottisch with a handsomely illustrated title-page.

Danish Polka. (Lotte is dead.) Jul. Weel. 25

A new contra-dance which is becoming very popular. A description of the figure is added to the music.

Books.

ZUNDEL'S MELODEON INSTRUCTOR.—The complete Melodeon Instructor, in seven parts. Designed as a thorough Instruction Book for the Melodeon, Seraphine, Eolian, Melopean, Organ, or any similar instrument. By John Zundel. 2,00

This work is not only an "Instructor" but in every sense a "complete" instructor for the melodeon and instruments of like nature. Its contents embrace all that can possibly be looked for in the form of instructions, examples and exercises. It is universally pronounced the most thorough instruction book of the kind, and is recommended by Lowell Mason, Emilias Girac, Wm. B. Bradbury, and every one who has examined it.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

